

Cambridgeshire Territorial Gazette.

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Editor's Note.

It is with mingled feelings that we briefly record the experiences of the Regiment since the last issue of the Gazette, impossible as it is for those at home to adequately express their sorrow for the casualties or their admiration of the bravery exhibited in all ranks of the Units serving "Overseas."

The Gazette has lost one of its correspondents, for Captain Adam, who sent us news of his Battalion, has been reported "Wounded and Missing." His articles have always been most cheerful and have done much to help those in the Regiment, who have not yet been with the B.E.F., to realise the joys and sorrows of active service. We sincerely hope to have good news of him by the next issue.

Of the other losses which the Regiment has sustained space forbids us to speak—suffice it is to say that, when the Censorship is removed, tales of individual and collective heroism will stir the hearts of all interested in our County Regiment.

On another page we give the photograph of the first officer in the Regiment to win the D.S.O., and we congratulate him on his most gallant act and on the signal honour bestowed on him.

A brief word in memory of a very gallant soldier who has crossed the Great Divide—Captain Algeo, Dorset Regiment. He went out as Adjutant with a Battalion of the Regiment, and was with it during its initiation into active service. There is no need to recall his personality to those who served with him, for all will agree that he was respected and loved throughout his Battalion.

YPRES.

April---May, 1915.

On Good Friday, long before cockcrow, the Brigade left Westoutre, a dirty little village in Belgium, to take over trenches from French troops in the Ypres salient. At that time the Salient was entirely held by the French; and two British Divisions and a Canadian Division were ordered up to relieve the French and hold the Salient. Little did men think then of what the Salient was going to mean for the British Army in glory, death and suffering! Some days previously senior officers and company commanders had been taken by motor 'buses to Ypres, and thence had been guided to Hooze, the brigade headquarters of the section we were going to relieve. At this since historic spot, then consisting of a ruined château and a few semi-ruined houses on the Ypres—Menin road, further guides were obtained to take the party to the various trench headquarters. On a pitch dark night, through woods and over fields fitfully lighted by the "flares," the various destinations were reached, and a warm welcome extended to us by the French officers, from the chef de bataillon to the latest joined sous lieutenant. It all seemed very strange and confusing—that country we were to know so well, with its numerous woods and copses, its "windy" spots and covered ways. One noticed then that our hosts knew how to make the best of their surroundings in the depths of the famous Sanctuary Wood, then a wood filled with big trees and undergrowth, amongst which a few pheasants still lingered, now a ghastly blasted ruin. Well, to return to Good Friday, 1915. After a longish march by Renninghelst, Ouderdom and Vlamertinghe, Ypres was reached about 9 a.m., and the Regiment with its transport was dumped by the ramparts round St. Martin's Church, Battalion Headquarters being in the Rue St. Jacques. Many of us ascended the ramparts and watched shells pitching all round the Ecole de Bienfaisance, that spot some of us were to know so well later. During the day everyone rested as well as they could, and when dusk came preparations were made for the actual relief. The Brigade took over the actual trenches and reserve, and various companies of the Cambridgeshires were allotted them as extra reserves and working parties. On the evening of April 3rd, C Company was moved on from Sanctuary Wood as a close support. Old C men will not forget that "windy" trek on a pitch black night to that little wood afterwards christened in compliment to the Regiment, Cam Wood. Here they came under command of Lieut.-Col. Prowse, afterwards Brigadier-General, and now dead on the field of honour, a warm friend and admirer of the Cambridgeshires and its "Fen Tiger" Company. Headquarters and F Company came up in a day or two, and were posted in the western edge of Sanctuary Wood along with the kilted reserves of a neigh-

bouring Brigade. B Company, under Major Saint, was the first in to hold a part of the trench line on the right, D Company, under Captain R. E. Sindall taking over part of the left, and Headquarters of the Regiment being then shifted up to Cam Wood. After one or two rearrangements of the line with an adjacent Brigade, a section of the centre of the line was entrusted to the Regiment and held by B and C Companies, with the machine gun section under Lieut. Ollard, relieving alternately, the Company at "rest" (!) occupying Cam Wood. Casualties began to make their inevitable appearance, Captain Staton and 2nd Lieut. Corbett being amongst the number, and many of the "boys" made the supreme sacrifice and now rest in the trench cemeteries of the old Ypres line. Our arrival in the Salient provoked great "hate," which was heartily reciprocated. During the early days of April, and especially towards the middle of the month, at the time of the taking of Hill 60, "hate" steadily grew and seemed more and more concentrated on the luckless town of Ypres. On our arrival, Ypres, it is true, showed signs of its November bombardment, especially round the Cathedral and Cloth Hall, but most of the town was untouched, and at least half the population remained and many shops were open, notably the well-known dressmaker's shop in the Rue de Lille, which had turned into a teashop! A haunt of subalterns, eh what? Picturesque Ypres still stood, though torn and maimed, a shadow of her former self.

About the 8th April the enemy directed a very heavy fire on the town, and those regiments billeted in and around the Convent in the Rue St. Jacques suffered considerably, necessitating a removal to the outskirts of the town, A Company luckily clearing out without loss. Heavy 17 in. shells rained into Ypres, killing many of the civilian population. Those who knew these days and escaped will never forget them! Especially do some of us remember one afternoon in Quartermaster Cutting's snug cellar examining a huge fragment of the base of a 17 in. shell that had hurtled on to the Grande Place, which inspired an inscription on the cellar walls of "Ut Veniant Omnes!" (Let 'em all come!) On the 21st came a welcome lull in the bombardment, which, however, was resumed that night, and on the 22nd took place the gas attack. The morning passed quietly; in the afternoon the C.O., Second in Command and "Jack" went to look at the transport lines, and had hardly got clear to the Brielen Road before a heavy bombardment opened on the northern quarters and all roads leading to Pilkem and Langemark. Crowds of civilians and men were watching; and presently French soldiers appeared coughing and choking, shouting "Asphyxié, asphyxié." Meanwhile the bombardment redoubled in intensity and a furious crackle of rifle and machine gun fire broke out, terrified civilians running about shouting that the Boches were near and coming on. The transport lines now were a scene of activity, for the news had come in that

the French line on the North of the Salient had been broken; horses were hooked in and transport was moved back to await further orders. By the evening the Vlamertinghe Road was a seething mass of terrified fugitives pouring out of Ypres, seriously hindering the forward flow of ammunition limbers and all traffic into Ypres. All the night the Brigade transport stood to, and received orders early on the 23rd to move into the vicinity of Poperinghe. On the 23rd the line was shaking, though the magnificent heroism of the Canadian Division held up the enemy, who were now appreciably closer to the N.E. of Ypres, and all the various Brigade reserves were being taken to the threatened part of the line for counter-attacking. A Company was sent to Divisional Headquarters at Potijse to dig in thereabout, and D Company moved back into the dug-outs by the Bellewaarde Lake to act as Brigade Reserve, some of its scouts pushing out to the North to act as outposts in case of further trouble in that direction. Next day, the 24th, Colonel Copeman succumbed to his old enemy, sciatica, and Major Archer took charge, having A and D Companies, which were moved up to Sanctuary Wood as a Brigade Reserve, headquarters being in Cam Wood with C Company. There followed now the days of furious fighting and counter-attacks by French and British troops which established our lines more forward again; times were really getting a bit "rocky" and news anxiously looked for from the North-East of the Salient. A, C and D Companies were hard at it improving old back lines and digging new ones. Will D Company ever forget one dark wet night's digging in Clonmel Copse? With the arrival of further reinforcements the absent regiments of the Brigade were able to return, sadly thinned by the losses they had incurred on the heights of St. Julien. Acting on secret orders, Headquarters and C Company moved back from Cam Wood to Maple Copse, first dismantling all the dug-outs and removing all material available. A Company moved back to Sanctuary Wood less a platoon under S.M. Pooley. The next morning before dawn the line moved back, after first destroying all stores, cutting the sandbags, and leaving messages for the Huns. All the Cambridgeshire Companies were quartered in Maple Copse except A, which remained in Sanctuary Wood. History relates that in the retirement, just before moving out of the trenches, a man of B Company was missing. The luckless wight had, contrary to orders, moved into an out-of-the-way shelter and there had fallen asleep. He awoke in the chill dawn to find his trenches empty and the Germans advancing! Luckily for him his feet were winged as were never mortal man's aforetime! Hot times came now and shells were very plentiful, taking a heavy toll, especially of C Company, which was ordered up one day in support near Hill 60 and heavily punished by "crumps," Lieut. Saunders being killed outright and Lieut. West mortally wounded, and many N.C.O.'s and men.

Captain Clayton was also wounded in Sanctuary Wood by a whizz-bang, and Captain R. E. Sindall took over the Company, leaving D Company in charge of Captain Keenlyside. Headquarters, with A and C Companies, were then ordered down to the Ecole de Bienfaisance on the Menin Road, where Brigade Headquarters were established, B Company taking over some trenches and D Company being attached to the right of the line. Towards the middle of May more furious fighting took place, principally on the Ypres—Roulers Road, where a desperate attack was launched and heavy casualties incurred on both sides. Good work was done at this time by Lieut. R. J. Tebbutt and 2nd Lieut. Corfield in taking out patrols towards Railway Wood and Gare la Bombe, in which the former officer was wounded. More distinction also was won for the Regiment by 2nd Lieuts. Hopkinson and Gill in some daring reconnaissances of the German trenches, which were mentioned in the Field Marshal's despatches and won the Military Cross: for these gallant officers, the former of whom was afterwards killed in action at Armentières. B Company and D Company were continuously in the trenches through May and did much good work, B Company assisting by its fire a hard pressed portion of the British line on our left. The M.O., Captain Magner, R.A.M.C., did some excellent work at this period at the Ecole, having some hundreds of wounded to look after, his only assistant being Lee.-Corpl. Blane. The C.O. and Captain Algeo (adjutant, since killed in action) had a migratory existence between the Ecole and the trenches, and some "windy" walks too at this stormy time, the Ecole being no health resort. Second Lieuts. Assheton and Herman joined the Regiment during this month, one of them having a ride through Ypres en route to battalion headquarters which he will ever remember. But some have cause for gratitude in those days; a cellar was discovered—and sampled, many chickens found their way to messes after being chased for miles by Sergt. Cooper and his trusty minions, and last but not least, a typewriter rolled into the orderly room to help cheer and enliven the patient, ever-scribbling staff, a veritable boon for the months to come of "paper warfare." Towards the end of May things got quieter, and a welcome rumour spread that relief would be effected and possibly, *mirabile dictu*, a little leave given. One dark night saw us marching out of Ypres and our relieving Brigade coming in. Quartermaster Cutting met us with hot tea, and soon a small farm was reached, where the transport lines were parked and, blessed word to trenchworn troops, some days complete rest followed. We must always remember the magnificent work of the Transport Section, which never failed to get through Ypres on the worst nights, and never left its Battalion foodless. The Military Cross awarded to Lieut. Platt-Higgins amply justifies the worth of the work which the section did. Lastly—a word for our loved though lost comrades. May their memory be perpetuated by the battle honour of the Second Battle of Ypres on our Colours. "Valete et requiescatis in pace."



Photo]

[Palmer Clarke.

**Sec. Lieut. ARTHUR WILLIAM LOOKER, Cambs. R.,
Awarded the D.S.O.**

“For conspicuous gallantry when leading a raid on the enemy's trenches. In face of heavy fire he forced his way through uncut wire and ran up and down the enemy's parapet firing in their faces. Though wounded in both hands, foot, and abdomen, he refused assistance till quite close to our own trenches.”

At Harrogate.

Bass on draft! Well, and why not? A change from being bottled in camp!

To the Absence of a Dear One.

Born of the glorious sun wast thou—
 Born of its golden beams—
 No more thy sunlit halo shines,
 But in the land o' dreams.

No more thy merry laughter rings,
 As in the days gone by:
 Thou art a stranger in the land,
 Yet no one saw thee die.

Did'st creep away all unforeseen,
 And hide thy little head?
 Did'st think that none would mourn thy loss
 Or know that thou wert dead?

Art nestling in some shady bank,
 Guilt written o'er thy face?
 Or gone to dust thou camest from,
 With none to take thy place?

O come again, thou child of light,
 Come bring thy merry sound—
 And gladden up my soul again—
 My lonely golden pound!

K. C. G.

The Playing Fields of Halton.

“Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.” Seizing upon the analogy, may we aspire to the hope that in the future on the battlefield of an even greater Waterloo the deeds of our Battalion on the playfields will in like manner bear fruit, fifty fold, aye, unto a hundred fold. Hear, then, in pitiful epitome the humble tale of the seed that was sown:

In the winter of the years of grace nineteen hundred and fifteen and sixteen it was rumoured abroad in the camp that a certain regiment had gained much prowess in the field of football, and all who set out against them were severally (and one by one) laid in the dust (or more literally in the mud). Cæsar, then, hearing these things, and considering the moment opportune, issued forth to meet the conqueror. Unheeding of the elements, Cæsar (in the shape of a Battalion of the Cambridgeshire Regiment) came, saw (shivered), and conquered. From strength to strength, from conquest to conquest he went on. Ten combats were engaged in, and in nine of these victories were gained, in the other neither side conquered, neither was laid low. In terse, pulsing Anglo-Saxon (to quote a contemporary): Matches played, 10; won, 9, lost, 0, drawn, 1.

In another field many a bull went home with a sore eye, and lesser game, such as magpies and "houtahs," were neglected for better sport. No other regiment could hold up a candle to our seasoned marksmen, and our young men were held up as a pattern. In a divisional competition those of the Cambridgeshire Regiment who instruct in the accurate propulsion of the bullet, gave a demonstration unequalled in the whole division, and next unto them came the young men. Since, whenever the ambitious, in their pride, have challenged our superiority, so has their pride been humbled in the dust.

Many a time and oft the tale has been told that, when the war was yet young, the men of Cambridgeshire worthily placed one foot before the other, and again the other before the one, and so on interminably until such time as they were bidden (aye, even coaxed) to desist lest the horses should fall by the way. So now under the auspices of the S.C.C.C.R.A. (which being interpreted is a society for the encouragement of athletics), the 3rd Battalion, under the leadership of a young man of good proportions and clear judgment ('tis said his forefather was a judge), marched away from the whole division, and were also awarded highest points for the neatness of their appearance and the happiness of their smiles. It might also be mentioned that a certain Colonel (and one only) marched with his men. Search well these pages and make use of the grey-matter God has given, and identity is exposed.

In running across country our men were successful in gaining a third place, being out-run only by the men of Essex and Northamptonshire. He who hath had patience to read so far will be relieved to hear that my tale is told, but that the harvest is not yet come. This is a tale of playing fields; the tale of the battle-fields is yet to be completed. That part of it which has been told is good; that which remains to be told—may it be (and it will be) glorious!

Things We All Know.

Whose horse sat down, turned round, groaned, and looked as much as to say: "Great Heavens! What is it?"

* * * * *

Was the tea in the teashop worth the pain of descending the stairs, or were there other attractions for the gallant officer?

* * * * *

Which Battalion's officers have formed a Mutual Admiration Society, and who is the President?

* * * * *

Who is the officer who is so "full of gas" just now, and wasn't he so before?

* * * * *

What is the difference between an Administrative Centre and a Depôt, and can the staff there tell us?

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Can a certain C.S.M. tell us when the Rook Season begins, and is he prepared to shoot some?

If a certain sergeant broke any records in puttee winding one Sunday morning, and whether the rising sun witnessed his twenty-second attempt? Wherefore 22?

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Was the Major (requiescat in pace) left master of the situation and who squashed the lemons?

* * * * *

The reason for the Adjutant getting his shirt out, and did he repine?

* * * * *

What was the exact connection between the Cambrisher and the Suffolk Reshiments, and is there a cap in it?

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Is gas necessary for vaccination, and did the Sergt.-Major pull his ear.

* * * * *

Has " Jackie " kept his notes on " George's " lecture, and was the lecture absolutely necessary?

* * * * *

Whether there is a " refresher " course for young N.C.O.'s pending on " Judging the distance," and if the approximate distance between Marylebone and Warren Street would puzzle some?

* * * * *

What did the Employment Officer say to the Signalling Officer and is the former now an authority on entanglements?

* * * * *

Exactly what Pte Wye thinks of trench mortar ammunition.

* * * * *

The difference between digging in and consolidating.

* * * * *

The real length of a ten-mile march.

* * * * *

Can a certain Captain tell us where and what Cherryhinton is and why?

* * * * *

Who the subaltern is who enjoys a peaceful slumber in the woods during training hours?

* * * * *

What the voice from the ranks in No. 19 Platoon said, and if it is true the Platoon Commander rose to the occasion?

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All MSS. for next issue to reach the Editor, Drill Hall, Cambridge, by 10th December next. The next number will contain:—Who's Who: Lieut.-Col. E. T. Saint; A Contribution by Captain R. Ellis, R.A.M.C.; The History of the Regiment (First Six Months of Mobilization).

REGIMENTAL WHO'S WHO.

Lieut.-Col. A. A. Howell.

Lieut.-Col. A. A. Howell is the eldest son of the late A. P. Howell (Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford), of the Indian Civil Service, and grandson of the late Sir Thomas Howell, Kt., of the War Office. Born in 1865, he was educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, and received his first commission in 1885. He went out to India the same year to join his regiment, the Northumberland Fusiliers. Two years later he was transferred to the 4th Gurkhas, and helped to raise the second battalion of that regiment. In 1888 he was sent to join the civil administration of Assam, at that time the most inaccessible and uncivilised province of the Indian Empire, where he remained till the end of his Indian service. He was promoted Captain in 1896, Major in 1903, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1911. He took part in the N.E. Frontier Expedition of 1891 (awarded medal and clasp), and in several other petty expeditions in Manipur and the Naga Hills which are now completely forgotten. For his services in the great earthquake which wrecked the province in 1897, and in the heavy floods and subsequent severe epidemic of cholera in 1905, he received the thanks of the Local Government. After many years spent in the wildest and most unhealthy districts of the province he was sent home in 1911 on two years' furlough on medical certificate, and at the end of his leave retired from the service. In November, 1914, he was made second in command of a Battalion of the Cambridgeshire Regiment by Colonel Heycock, and in April, 1915, was appointed by the Territorial Force Association to raise and command another Battalion. His brother-in-law (and cousin), Colonel Wyndham Somerset, commands a Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment.

Specialists and Specialism.

Much is heard nowadays of the large number of specialists to be found in infantry battalions at the front, and the Cambridgeshire Regiment is no exception to the rule. I send, therefore, for the benefit of those who would have such jobs, a selection of brilliant sketches made by a friend of mine describing the duties of these gentlemen and how they are performed.

1. SNIPER JOE (Mr. W—N).

I found the great man surrounded by innumerable "chits" soliloquising over the day's reports from all fronts. How hard the staff work!

I asked a few questions and he gave courteous but evasive answers. For instance, in reply to my question what had been seen that day, he said: "Seven G.S. wagons drove up to Th— in daylight, accompanied by one battalion of the Prussian Guard.

These extended and occupied the front line."

Q.: "Do you think this important?"

A.: "It may mean the enemy is bringing up reserves, you know, but it is hard to tell."

Q.: "How far away were you?"

A.: "About a thousand yards."

Q.: "Can you tell me anything about village fighting? I understand you are an authority on it."

A.: "Oh, yes, of course, you know best: but (lighting a cigarette) it's all very well in theory, but in practice there's really nothing in it."

Q.: "When the snipers see anything, do they report it at once?"

A.: "Dear me, no! I work it quite differently. You see by the time you've made your report everything is quite different. It's no good at all."

Q.: "Do you find it hard to get good snipers?"

A.: "Oh, no! All my men are very good. The best, I think, come from — Company."

At this point an orderly entered with a sandwich. Sniper arose, donned his sniper's coat and his telescope, and went off. You can tell the true sniper a mile away (the true sniper tells his kind six miles away) by their strange and catlike tread.

II. THE L.G.O. (or "How to Inspect the Kit of One Man.")

This morning I visited, far behind the lines, where the greatest battle of history was being waged (or cancelled), another specialist, clad in yellow breeches, spurs, and an old tunic. (Did he know about the war?)

We discussed whiskies and strafing together for a while. I learnt much about the Lewis gunner. In reply to my question, "How long does it take to turn out a Lewis gunner?" he replied, "About a fortnight; but I'm not certain—I'll ask."

I was rather taken aback at this, but he, quickly realising my distress, added, "Of course you know I don't do anything now. All guns are Company property. I merely advise. It's a good job, and I have a sergeant to help me."

At this point he asked to be excused for a minute as he was rather busy. A sergeant appeared and said, "Are you ready for kit inspection, sir?" On being told "Yes," he stood to attention; and the officer then said, "Is there anything you want, sergeant?"

Sergeant: "No, sir."

Officer: "All right, dismiss."

That was all.

Note the system and organisation displayed.

III. THE BRIGADE SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICER (T.H.F.).

My guide said "Be sure you stand still and salute when you see him. He nearly killed a man this morning for letting his teeth chatter in his presence." "Sounds like a Prussian," I replied.

Well, I found him at last, in the very front of the front line, where shells were dropping not singly but one by one. On asking whether I could interview him from a military point of view he graciously consented, adding, "There is hardly a better man for the job. I have been in the Army 13 years, you know." Then with reference to special service he added, "Well, you see it's like this—I don't think I can quite tell you about it—the General when I lunched with him insisted so strongly on silence. 'Thomas,' he said, 'this must be done quietly.'"

So I am afraid I can't say much. But if it had been *Esprit de Corps* or *Morale* I could have talked to you for hours. Supposing you were like me —."

But I'm not, so I excused myself and fled.

Origin and History of the Cambridgeshire Regiment (T.F.)

(Continued.)

The Territorial and Reserve Forces Act, 1907, owes its introduction to Lord Haldane, who at that time was Secretary of State for War. It empowered the Crown to "raise and maintain a force called the Territorial Force, any part of which is liable to serve in any part of the United Kingdom, but may not without its own consent be carried or ordered to go out of the United Kingdom." This Force takes precedence next after the Special Reserve. It is administered at all times other than those of training, actual military service, or embodiment, by "those invaluable Territorial County Associations" which carry on the recruiting assisted by the Adjutants and permanent staff of the units concerned and by officers in charge of recruiting for the Regular Forces within each area. The Act came into force on April 1st, 1908. The Army Council is the sole administrator and interpreter of the Regulations, i.e., T.F. Regulations, 1912.

Every man who enlists into the T.F. must be:—

- (1) Enlisted for a County, i.e., Area.
- (2) Enlisted to serve for not more than 4 years—but may re-engage during the 12 months prior to the completion of his current term.
- (3) Appointed to serve in such Unit as he may select.

After enlistment he remains subject to the statutory and other prescribed conditions of service in the T.F. until his due discharge. It is interesting to note that there are Imperial and Special Service Sections; the former consists of those who offer to serve in "any place outside the United Kingdom"; the latter of those who offer to serve "for defence purposes within the United Kingdom as specified in the agreement whether T.F. is embodied or not." Grants determined by the Army Council are made to the County Associations out of Army funds; but "voluntary subscriptions may

be received and employed for the purposes of any of its powers and duties, which include: (a) Organisation, maintenance and administration; (b) recruiting and definition of recruiting areas; (c) provision and upkeep of ranges, buildings, sites of camps, of accommodation for safe custody of arms, etc."

From 1908 the officers and men of the Cambridgeshire Regiment (T.F.) have always shown a keen desire to stand high in the estimation of the "Powers that be," and have worked together with a will to attain the maximum standard of efficiency. From that date until mobilisation they only had two Colonels—Lieut.-Col. A. J. Lyon, V.D. (1908—11) and Lieut.-Col. L. Tebbutt (1911—14)—both of whom laboured with untiring energy for the welfare of the Corps. The Adjutants—officers it must be remembered who can make or mar a regiment—during this period were wisely selected and gave of their best; amongst whom must be mentioned Captains R. C. Martin (R.I.), F. M. Fox (Leinsters), and H. A. P. Littledale (K.O.Y.L.I.), now a Lieut.-Colonel.

The annual 15 days' training camps were held in different parts of the country, and afforded glorious opportunities of fulfilling a patriotic duty and enjoying a vigorous holiday at the same time. Great Yarmouth, Felixstowe, Ipswich, Bedford, Worthing, Shorncliffe and Berkhamstead were visited in turn, where training in all its branches and seasonable sports were enthusiastically indulged in, all ranks returning mentally and physically fitter for the welcome and novel change. The Regiment invariably did well, and Col. (now Brigadier-General and C.M.G.) C. de Winton, in command of the Brigade at that time, always cherished a warm corner in his heart for the Cambridgeshires, and they for him.

Mention must be made of the remarkably successful Recruiting Week which took place early in 1914, when a great effort was made to bring the Battalion up to strength. The result was a net increase of 350 men, and this success was chiefly due to the enthusiasm of the President of the T.F. Association (C. R. W. Adeane, Esq.) and Lieut.-Col. L. Tebbutt, as well as to the tireless efforts of the then Capt. and Adjutant H. A. P. Littledale and Captain W. R. Elworthy, Secretary of the Association. It was indeed a true forecast of that which was to come, for Cambridgeshire men then (as now) gladly responded to their County's call. It was just before the outbreak of war that the admirable Drill Hall in East Road was acquired and the building developed, the utility of which is patent to all who know and appreciate the functions of its staff. It was the Administrative Centre, and now is the Depôt of the Regiment.

On the declaration of war, the Battalion, which had hardly removed its camp equipment, was at once ordered to mobilise. The various companies of which the Regiment consisted were quickly and smoothly reassembled by their Company Commanders—at

Cambridge, A Company by Capt. W. T. Sindall, B Company by Capt. G. B. Bowes, C Company by Capt. E. T. Saint, D Company by Capt. R. E. Sindall; at Wisbech, E Company by Lieut. M. C. Clayton; at Whittlesea, F Company by Capt. H. H. Staton; at March, G Company by 2nd Lieut. J. W. A. Ollard; at Ely, H Company by 2nd Lieut. C. A. Keenlyside. This gigantic war, it must be admitted, has brought the Territorial Forces to the "zenith of their reputation and value"—which indeed needed energy, determination, skill and foresight. Much credit therefore must be granted to the T.F. County Associations for their invaluable services in the hour of need. Cast your eyes across the Channel, beyond the Mediterranean, to the far East of Europe, and away to the Indian Empire, and "observe the magnificent deeds of these glorious Territorial Divisions, and citizen soldiers who as Volunteers have given up all, and freely shed their blood on the gory fields" in Flanders, Gallipoli, Egypt, Mesopotamia and the Balkans. Our pen cannot write their eulogy, for their deeds speak more than ever words can tell.

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori."

(To be continued.)

Adjutants' Memos.

1.

From Adjutant ——— Regiment.

To Medical Officer in/c ——— Camp.

Would you please test Private Smith's eyes; the Musketry Officer reports this man failed to qualify on the range.

2.

From Medical Officer.

To Adjutant ——— Regiment.

I have tested Private Smith's eyes. The result is as follows:

$$R = \frac{3}{6}$$

$$L = \frac{6}{6}$$

This man's left eye is perfect; his right eye is weak, and his sight would be improved by glasses.

3.

From Adjutant ——— Regiment.

To Medical Officer.

Minute 2 is not understood, please. His Company Officer reports that Pte. Smith's right eye is a glass one.

A Battle.

The evening before we were on a hillside: our officers said there were trenches, but we couldn't see anything but ditches. We slept well; it was a fine night.

Then at 5 a.m. the show started. It was still dark, and the sky was suddenly lit up with every kind of firework—green lights, red lights, rockets, and over all a tremendous spray of bursting shrapnel. The noise was terrific, but for the moment we made no move.

Our brigade was in reserve—ready to follow up any success, to take over any ground gained and hold on to it, to give a hand where help was wanted. B Company were close up in the trenches; the remainder of the battalion held in readiness on the hillside.

News came in little by little. By 8 a.m. all seemed well; we appeared to have gained two lines at least of German trenches and to be holding on to them; on the right, too, the next Division seemed to be doing well.

Then, suddenly, D Company were summoned up in support, and left for the trenches; and later Headquarters and part of A Company moved up. By this time B Company were in our old front line again, D in support, and A behind. For a while no one knew what had happened; trenches were blocked with dead and wounded, and parties of the attacking battalions, who had been lost, were wandering about in a dazed condition. Gradually, however, the untiring efforts of Capt. Wood and his Company in the front line, and Lieut. Formby with his in support, restored some sort of order into the chaos, and it transpired by degrees that we had been unable to hold the German lines—the artillery opposition had been overwhelming.

The situation was a strange one; the trenches were packed with miscellaneous wanderers; battalion headquarters were in a disused observation post of minute dimensions; exhausted runners who had threaded their way between the shells came in, and as often as not were restored with a sandwich and glass of lime juice. As the day wore on it was possible to clear the front trench to some degree, and to collect a few of the wounded. The lines were shelled continuously, but towards evening with lessened vehemence. In the afternoon the part of A Company, which was up, and C Company's Lewis gun teams were sent up to relieve a small part of the by now nearly exhausted companies in front.

Finally, when night fell, the violence of the battle died away. Wounded began to crawl or walk in from No Man's Land, and the work of clearing them out began in earnest. In many cases they had extraordinary tales to tell; a sergeant-major, for instance, related how he had lain with three others in a shell hole all day; the other three had all been sniped by Germans during the afternoon, and were now dead.

The battalion was relieved at night, and enjoyed a well-

earned rest. It was not our lot actually to go over the top; our job was less splendid but not less onerous. We had, considering the conditions, not an unreasonable casualty list, and acts of gallantry there were in plenty. A battle of this nature is bound to test the fighting value of a regiment, and we can rest satisfied with the comments our Brigadier was pleased to make upon our work.

I see I have forgotten to mention the work of C Company and half of A; these were employed as additional stretcher-bearers—worked in most cases for 16 hours at least under trying conditions, at a job which is always trying.

The Division did not succeed, but heavy losses were inflicted, and, as the C.O. has said, we shall get our own back next time,



Photo.]

Corpl. Day, D.C.M.

[Stearn.

An Episode.

Captain Shore, mud-caked, hungry and tired, threw himself down into an inviting armchair in a quaint old room of the chateau which acted as a Home of Rest for Officers of his Battalion somewhere in France. He threw off his boots, unbuttoned his tunic,

gazed into the glowing fire, and was on the point of conjuring up visions of "leave" and London, when a short sharp knock at the door aroused him from his "Dream of Home."

"Come in," he said wearily; an orderly entered, clicked his heels, saluted, and handed to him an envelope. He glanced at it, his brow rose and fell mechanically. "Thanks, no answer, Challice." "Thank you, sir"; another click, another salute, and Capt Shore was alone again—alone with a note, a conscience, and a feeling of slight apprehension. He looked at the handwriting and smiled an enquiring smile; he was about to open the envelope, then he paused wonderingly. He knew that a small fortune, his military reputation and his future peace of mind were all involved within those dirty paper walls.

He lighted a cigarette deliberately, placed his forefinger into the unsealed corner of the envelope and tore it open. He drew out a note and, as he did so, a small crumpled piece of dirty paper fell from it to the floor unnoticed. He unfolded the missive with steady hand and read, without emotion, as follows:—

"Dear Shore,—I enclose £1 note; you have won the bet; you are right; the ground in dispute is 'dead.'—Yours, Bob."

"I knew it," he said to himself as he bent down to pick up the crumpled £1 note. He knew it! and yet nothing he could say or do could alter it—the ground was "dead." "Requiescat in pace" he sighed, and turned over supremely satisfied, to doze off and dream of "England, Home and Beauty."

To the Day.

The hope Satanic, cherished long,
The burden of the Teuton song,
The prayer of the silent toast,
The motto of the German host,
The Day, The Day,
O God of Battles, hear.

For now impelled by furious hate,
No longer will the War Lord wait,
Blaspheming as with god-like pride
The gates of Hell he opens wide,
To-day, Today,
O God of Battles, hear.

We gird our loins to the fray,
E'en as we sally forth we pray
Thy blessing still that we may purge
Thy world of this unhallowed scourge:
To-day, To-day,
O God of Battles, hear.

Forbid it, Lord, that we should fear
 The struggle, told us by the seer,
 On Armageddon's gory plain,
 For there shall die the curse of Cain,
 To-day, To-day,
 O God of Battles, hear.

Yet ere we turn th' ensanguined page,
 E'en as the battle fierce we wage,
 Thy tender pity now we seek
 For all the suffering and the weak.
 To-day, To-day,
 O God of Battles, hear.

Pte. WILFRED BURTON, 5358,
 " B " Co., Cambs. Regiment.

Officers and Men of the Cambridgeshire Regiment Killed in Action, Missing or Deceased.

Lieut. G. A. Herman (Missing).	2nd Lieut. A. B. Jameson.
2nd Lieut. G. Rawlinson	2nd Lieut. J. C. Walker.
(Missing)).	Capt. Sir G. Butlin (Missing).
Capt. Adam (Missing).	2nd Lieut. Allpass (attached)
Lieut. W. Shaw (Missing).	Missing.

CAMBRIDGE DISTRICT.

3787 Pte. W. Gillson.	1335 Sgt. H. A. Newman.
1975 Cpl. E. Pierson.	2300 Pte. C. Chandler.
3443 Pte. F. E. Gill.	3087 " W. J. V. Whitehead.
3890 " A. Christmas.	4294 " J. Burling.

ELY DISTRICT.

2415 Pte. C. Shelton.	1907 Pte. H. F. Thompson.
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WISBECH DISTRICT.

3601 Pte. W. Rowe.	2007 Pte. F. Cooper.
2242 L/S. A. H. Langford.	2523 Cpl. G. F. Marshall.
4408 Pte. E. H. Woodrow.	4189 Pte. S. Daines.
2777 Cpl. J. W. Halstead.	1878 " H. E. Gall.
2790 Pte. B. Quince.	

MARCH DISTRICT.

3899 Pte. A. H. Ogden.	1887 Pte. F. Hodson.
1656 " J. E. Russell.	2250 Sgt. F. Ogden.
2324 L/C. A. Edwards.	2108 Pte. G. H. Bedford.
2192 Pte. W. E. Croote.	

OTHER DISTRICTS.

2085 Cpl. E. E. Meyrick	2631 L/C. West.
(Marlborough).	

Where there's a Will there's a lawyer's fee.

A Provisional Battalion, T.F.

For this number of the Regimental Magazine we send you a correct return of the ideas of various members of this unit as to:—

	HEAVEN.	HELL.
The C.O. Major F—r.	Going on a C.O.'s course. Sunday walk (with Band).	Driving a strange Ford. Plenty of fire and no tobacco.
Major B—s.	Court of Inquiry.	End of same.
Major S—y.	Major F—r's sketch maps.	"Windy" day at Coy. Headquarters.
The Adjutant.	Place populated by Company Commanders.	Spot lighted and warmed by Battalion returns.
The Q.M.	Where there is correct nominal roll of sheep and goats.	Kit inspection where one saint found deficient of "harp string, one."
O.'s C. Companies.	Undiscovered.	Place populated by Adjutants.
O.C. Transport.	"Stables" 5.30 a.m.	Mess presidency.
Subalterns.	Going on a course.	Getting on a course.
Specialists.	Being a specialist.	Doing any work.
R. S.-M.	Chelsea.	Parade of angels with wing equipment improperly fastened.
C. S.-M.	Certainly a crown, but why on head instead of arm?	Vast improvement on any place at the Front.
Lce.-Cpls.	Two stripes.	Getting them.
Pte. X.	No reveille by Gabriel.	A select place till the Huns filled it up.

To tell a lie finely is an art. To tell the truth is to act according to nature which is the first of Philistines.

From our Correspondent.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I feel my conduct has been very bad lately, but the conduct of the Bosche has been pretty bad too, and I have had very little time to spare. I am sorry we sent you nothing for your third number, but the popularity of the issue was as great as ever, and the number of copies hardly sufficient to satisfy demands.

What with "trekking," training and fighting, the last month has been a memorable one. The battalion has had some hard times; and hard times are coming. We have lost many old friends, but our spirit remains the same, and one feels, resting as we are just now after a very strenuous fortnight, that times like these are in a way good for us, because they weld us together and make us proud one of the other.

But I don't want to preach a sermon; so I will turn to the lighter side of things. Entertainments have not been numerous as rests have been too few: but there was one famous concert, when the staff sergeants revived memories of Flixecourt, and the company was strengthened immensely by the grotesque intervention of our wonderful newcomer, 2nd Lieut. Ashby, who sang with equal gusto and refinement a most original ditty from the East.

But we have lately been at war. And war is a curious business; and leads to curious situations. Our splendid Commanding Officer directing operations with one hand and feeding hungry orderlies and subalterns on lime juice and mixed biscuits with the other, all in a disused latrine, or the sad predicament of a certain spectacled company commander rendered absolutely blind by the smoke helmet he was wearing, who led his men round and round in circles and finally lost them altogether for three hours; the devotion of a subaltern in the same company marching for miles with the "Church Times" peeping out of his pack—these are some of the more unexpected incidents of warfare, and serve to keep a sense of humour alive.

Casualties, of course, we have had, in numbers I fear rather numerous to mention; and honours there have been as well. The list of these I won't give, because I should certainly leave someone out and justly offend, but I must not omit the signal honour awarded to 2nd Lieut. Looker as the result of a raid on the German trenches. The Distinguished Service Order is but rarely bestowed on a junior officer; and we are all looking forward to the time of his complete recovery and return to lead us to further glory.

Well, Mr. Editor, this is, I am afraid, mostly "gas"; but my brain is not working well, and, as I have said, warfare is dull: so good-bye, good luck, and best wishes from

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Battalion Orders.

By LIEUT.-COL. WATTSISNAME.

1. Detail.—Officer for Regimental Duty: Lieut. Colder. Officer next for Regimental Duty.—Lieut. Calker.
2. Parades.—Trained men: As per programme of work. Recruits: As per programme of work.
3. Central Button Cleaning.—To-morrow the central button cleaning system will be introduced; all men will parade at Reveille for the purpose of cleaning buttons in huts allocated for that purpose. (F.S. Regs., paras. 451—2.)
4. Posting.—Major Henry Hamilton yesterday attained the age of eighteen, and will be posted to D Co. from that date.
5. Messing.—Owing to the monotony of continual poultry and game, a new substance known as “shakles” will be introduced from to-morrow. (A.O., 824.)
6. Discharge.—349120 Pte. Smith, B.F., having declared that he is perfectly happy and contented with the Army, has been discharged on the ground that he is insane. He will be struck off the strength from this date.
7. Punishment.—For perpetrating an error in “Orders,” and for stating a falsehood concerning same, the Orderly Room Sergeant was to-day awarded twenty-two “tattoos.”

(Signed) G. A. W. BLIGHMY,
Captain and Adjutant.

After Order.—Battalion Order No. 2 of to-day's date is hereby cancelled. There will be no parades to-morrow.

Late Special (war edition).—Parades to-morrow will be as per programme of work.

In view of the increased cost of living and having regard to the fact that the Editor has not as yet had his annual eleven months holiday, and considering that he is inundated with ill-omened and thinly-veiled threats from his Banker, the said Editor appeals to the wealthy patrons of this admirable periodical to throw off their natural modesty and forward—their donations to the Magazine.

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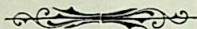
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